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ESSENE

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January, 1904



For the One Life

For the Christ-Ideal

For the Spirit of Truth



NEW YORK AND DENVER

THE ESSENE

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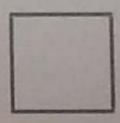
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I have no creed, or, if a creed, but this: "I love humanity"

Vol. IV

JANUARY, 1904

No. 1



OUR PLATFORM



THE EASENE will attempt to stand for the things of the Spirit-simply and only.

It will strive to represent, to such degree as it may, the Christ-life and the Christ-message.

It is small in size, in purse, and in patronage. It is only large in faith. In the veritable belief that God never forsakes those that trust in Him, it goes forward.

Humbly, but not fearfully, it enters into the arena to champion what it conceives to be genuine Christianity.

In an age largely given over to the insanity of unfaith, it offers but one simple and sincere message: God Is.

He hears those that call to Him. The Spirit of Truth is a reality. The Christ is what He represented Himself to be. All the old truths are true yet. But they have been clouded over by misinterpretations. It is time that they again be attered in spirit. This little magnetice to here to do nothing less than to utter them.

It stands for no creed, no issu, no church, and no form. It stands only for Truth, only for pure worship, only for the God-expression in the race. It antagonizes some ben with other love for all, it seeks only to do the Pather's work

Is bears the thousand tongues of men calling to this way and that. It is not insensible to the din of those that seek to exalt the personal and the self-life in the name of the spirst. But above all the babel it hears the Voice: There is no truth but Truth, there is no god het God. Leave the horks of defusion and hear ye Him.

It cares nothing for the wisdom that is not wise, nor the brilliancy that shines with no true light. It is not ashamed to come as a child to the feet of the Master and to proclaim that it belongs to the Israel of the

Spirit

Named for the society that was the foreruner of Christianity, the brotherhood with which both Jesus and John the Baptist were probably connected, the body that was the most purely sorritual of any in the history of the race, the apostles and the early church alone excepted-and even they in a way were its continuationthe body that stood for peace and liberty, for labor and purity, for the social and sharing spirit, for the equal and simple life; named for this organization that was the gem in the rough setting of the antique world, THE Easense will try to stand for the essentials of the thought of those Easenes of old, will try to interpret to modern life their simple faith, will try to incarnate in some small way the spirit that made them organic and whole.

For it realizes that there can be no panaces for the ills of the race, excepting this truth of truths; and that no greater service can be rendered than to strive to give it voice.

Not in a spirit of challenge, but in one of utter compassion, it sounds again the old tocsin:

If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, follow him. Choose.



The world needs men who think more of the birthright of principle than they do of the pottage of promised success.



The best thing that ever happens to a man is the thing that humbles him. For when the self-life is humbled, the divine life comes uppermost.



Those who own the wealth of the world have one great lesson to learn: That all so-called private property is a public trust and must be used in ways that inure to the common benefit.

THE LOVE WORK

Elessed is he who sees with eyes of love and who works in the spirit of love. He is wise with infinite wisdom because there are no barriers between his soul and the dryine energy. All things are his, for he is one with the Truth

Love most be lived to be comprehended. Not love of the one or of the few we call our own; not love of the human only, but love of all life. Even the worm is my brother when I see with eyes of love.

There is no genius like the genius for work It is the greatest blessing given to man. Yet those who make a success of life are those who work because they love and who do their work in the spirit of love.

The spiritual life is enhanced and glorified by the life of service. Service always belongs to God. We serve Him in all our little daily duties. No matter how menial, how humble, it may seem, all work is service, and is hely when performed with the love motive.

Spiritual things always harmonize with natural things. In reality they are one. In truth there can be no conflict, no antagonism, no higher or lower. Sometimes suffering comes to us almost greater than we can endure, as we fail to perceive the beauty of the natural life and rebel against what seems to us injustice in the portioning of our work.

A man who is too spiritual to attend to his daily

duties and to work in material things has failed to learn the lesosn the spirit teaches. A woman who is too spiritual to attend to her home life and her daily household work has never had the faintest glimpse of true spirituality. She is feeding on the husks and missing the joy of the love work. A mother who neglects her children for her church duties or fancied public work for humanity, knows nothing of the blessedness of motherhood and is an absolute stranger to the spirit and its holy love work.

The man who takes his love into his business world will pay proper wages to his employes. No man who truly loves to serve will allow those depending upon him to take the position of slaves. And no man who is conscious will allow himself to be treated as a slave. All men are equal and have equal rights in the vineyard of God. And is not the earth His vineyard?

The time of tyranny is past. The slaves are awakening to their position and realizing the love work. There can be no tyrants when there are no slaves, so the slaves themselves are responsible for their bondage.

There will be crashing and smashing of heads and hearts until we become conscious of the infinite life—and are ready to obey its law. We cannot escape facts—all we have to do is to look about us in the material world and see what is happening there. Not on the surface only, but beneath, far in the infinite life. There listen to the voice of the spirit and learn the deep and subtle meaning of it all.

Facts must be interpreted by universal truth. Nothing can be hidden from that light. But unless we see with eyes of love, the light of truth may be almost too height for our comprehension and we may misconstrue the meaning of its revelation.

There is nothing a man may not know, and very intle that he may not accomplish, when he is willing to be led by the spirst and open his soul to reality instead of crushing it by living in materiality.

It is one thing to make a statement of truth and another thing to show the way of accomplishing or rather of realizing that truth. But there is a method for every accomplishment. It seems such a blind teaching to make abstract statements and never to explain the method of attaining to knowledge. He who is conscious and whose faith has made him whole, who is poised in universal strength, is perfectly aware of himself and the method of his training. He is also aware that few can understand him because each sonl must advance from its own standpoint and must find its own way.

First concentrate and find out exactly what you want. Then concentrate more and be sure of your motive. Then concentrate yet more and decide on your method of action. Then act. Do something and do it silently. The brain works with far greater accuracy when the tongue is still. Talking dissipates the odylic force

which emanates from the brain-and we must conserve our forces if we would do the strong love work.

Sometimes we fancy we cannot obey the voice because of surrounding conditions. We get into a rut and of all things that is most negative. The universal law is constant change. We must exercise our mental as well as our physical force, if we wish to touch the universal energy at all points; and this we must do if we desire to be made whole.

No man is dependent upon his surrounding conditions, if he can think independently of them. His thought can create new conditions. This never ending law of change is the law of all expression. Every breath we draw changes the atoms of the body. The thought controls the quality of the breath and so controls that part of the universal energy which is absorbed into the body. But the beautiful part of it all is that the will controls the thought and the motive. So that we are masters of ourselves and of our conditions. The divine Ego, the I am, dominates. Thus I am the arbiter of my own destiny.

It is the motive which colors all thought, and of necessity all action, because action is only solidified thought. If we wish to make life the highest success, the motive must be pure and unselfish. Not the outside, apparent motive alone, but the motive of the soul, deep in the inner consciousness which subtly permeates our entire being.

There was a time when one or two or possibly three human beings in all the world were conscious of themselves and conscious of God. To-day hundreds, nay thousands, of souls are incarnating upon this planet, perfectly aware of their relation to infinite life. They have abundance of fasth and they know that only in the light of absolute truth can these life problems be solved.

That quality in a man which enables him to know, to really believe he can overcome, renders him invincible. He has faith in himself and through his understanding because of his faith in himself, he knows that his relation to universal life is one of conscious strength and power. Faith is a mighty substance. It is evidence more sure than any manifestation of the senses.

The world within is the great world. When the eyes are open and the ears are ready to hear the wonderful messages from the inner world—we are shown the conditions in the outer world of sense and so enabled to overcome that which seems inharmonious. Better than any material overcoming is the victory of the mind and heart over the sense life. Such a victory drives away all barriers of fear and selfishness which shut out the light of truth and interfere with the soul's expression.

The master minds are always in close touch with the inner world. They know things because of their love work. No amount of research can dim the teaching of the masters. They teach the simplicity of the true spirit-

ust life, the glory of the work of serving in love and the vital strength of the Eternal Now, for the present moment is God's own time.

All substance is spirit substance. Because the spirit manifests in material form, because it changes its expression through the law of vibration, it is no less spirit. Were it not so, all life could not be one and the universe would cease to be a uni-verse.

Consequently the substance of the flesh is spirit and that flesh must be purified until it is conscious of the strength of its purified life and then the pure soul in the pure flesh shall see God and shall recognize the true self in that supernal vision.

Love and labor are the sacred methods toward all attainment. They lead us into completeness, into polarization of the head and heart.

It is the soul that manifects in love, that is successful in the holiest meaning of the word. Let us inspire each other to work in love, and to love our work. We will hold our heads high and breathe deeply of infinite life. We will manifest in completeness, realizing that we have done well and have proved our right to be faithful servants of the Lord.

GRACE M. BROWN.



The thing that divides is satanic. The thing that

METHOD IN SPIRITUAL STUDIES

In approaching the realist of spiritual thoughts and things, the student of metaphysics finds himself faced by as many different methods of study as does the student of physics, in his investigation of the realist of nature. A bit of landscape can be taken up with a view to its photographic possibilities, to its agricultural prospects, to its geologic aspects, as a means of the study of botany, of geography, of social economy, as any one of a dozen factors in the multiple relationship of men and things in the same way a bit of mental landscape, for instance the whole storm and stress period called the "anti-slavery movement" could be studied in its political, its socio-economic, its religious, its moral, its statistical, its socio-economic, its religious, its moral, its statistical, its ethical, its geographical, its strategic, and a dozen other aspects.

With the student rests the choice of method. He can approach a spiritual subject from one of many ways. But none will be find as satisfactory and as fruitful of results as the method of analogy or correspondence. This opens out wider fields, broader views, more expansive horizons and more comprehensive coordination than

Take, for instance, the idea of "culture." Instead of making an effort to coordinate historic standards of culture, or to seek ethical bases for culture, the student of analogies immediately carries his theme over to the

element of "cultivation" or "culture" as applied to physical things. He notes how things grow in the outside world and then transfers his results to the mental world. The cultivation of earth-soil and of soul-soil immediately fall into parallel lines in his mind. He takes up all the "garden-stories" he can find imbedded in the traditions of the Race, and investigates them. He looks up the story of the Garden of Paradise (called by the Greeks Hesperides) and asks himself serious questions about the Tree of Knowledge, and about the Tree of Life; and why in the beginning of the book man has no "right to the Tree of Life" and why in the end of the same book he is said to have "a right to the Tree of Life" Why the "fall" of man takes place in the "Garden of Eden" and why the Son of Man struggles to regain this lost manhood in the "Garden of Gethsemane." He will investigate the stories of the "Word of God" asbeing the "seed" which is sown by the "Sower" in soul-soil, and how it grows. He will look over the various "fields" of human culture, and follow up the various "branches" on the Tree of Knowledge. "Why fields and branches?" he will ask. Because soul-culture and soil-culture are as like as two peas in a pod. The microcosm of the mind is subject to laws similar to those which control the macrocosm of matter

In general intellectual processes resemble vegetable processes. The memory crystallizes things and thus resembles the mineral kingdom (whence also Scandi-

navian mythology places Minur and the dwarf Minus in the most intimate relationship with the mineral kingdom). The "thinker" grows as plants grow-while the will acts along the same lines as does the animal world The Tree of Knowledge grows on soul-soil in exactly the same way as a physical tree grows in a field of carth. It ramifies in all directions, it drives its roots deep into the soil of manhood and womanhood; it bears its fruit every month and its leaves are for the healing of the nations. We "implant" the truths of life in the child-mind; we call the place where we do so the "kindergarten" (child-garden) for the same reason for which a horticulturist will call his "school" of young trees a "nursery." (They are interchangeable terms) We keep the "noxious weeds" of vulgarity, of profanits, etc., out of that garden as far as possible; we foster mental "growth" as far as lies within our powers. Exdently intellectual growth and vegetable growth are twin brothers, and the man who desires to study intellectual growth can best do so by comparing it with the growth of plants and trees.

While the growth of the deeper purposes of life resembles more nearly the processes of animal creation a man "broods" over an injury, he "hatches" mischief; he "digests" a plan; he "ruminates" over a proposition or a purpose; he "fathers" a legislative enactment, his workmen are "hands," his ablest coadjutor is his "right-hand man"; the law has a "strong arm," and so on

Closer investigation of this line of research would doubtless reveal that by processes of analogy the close and devoted student would discover an unbroken line of resemblances between knowledge, science and memory and the mineral kingdom; between reason and the intellectual life and the vegetable kingdom, and between the emotional or will-life and the animal kingdom.

A second step naturally follows from the method of analogy, and that is the "evolutional" method. Science has demonstrated with a fair amount of clearness and accuracy, that a higher form is usually an evolument from a lower form. If this be true of physical structures, it would, according to the method of analogy, be true also of mental structures.

Take a familiar story: In the opening chapters of the Word of God there is the story of a woman born of a man. The story transpires on earth. There is a serpent, and the serpent obtains a certain advantage over the woman. In the closing chapters of the Book the woman is pictured as "standing in the sun"—she is no longer on earth. She gives birth to the "man-child." The dragon, "the old serpent" is there, but he has no further powers. He is chained. Whatever the single types may be made to mean in the system of interpretation followed by any individual student, it is evident that that system will in no wise obviate the fact that the three familiar factors, "man, woman, and serpent."

coordinated in one way, when they are on earth, and in another when they are "in the sun."

The pies, therefore, which is here made is not for a specific system of interpretation, but rather for a sarthod, and that is for the method of "analogy" or "correspondence" as being the most satisfactory method of study and investigation, yielding results not only in the consideration of single objects, incidents or events, but also in sequences and coordinations of evolutional types and figures.

Another Rosses.



When we break down the opaque shell of personality, we may hope to see the light.



Money is good for what it will buy; and once used, it is gone forever. But the inward riches are good for what they are within themselves; and they never leave us.



All through the ages men have sought shadows instead of substance. They have regarded the seeming rather than the real. They will never be free until they place the things that are true and lasting above the things that are apparent and transitory.

THE LARGER SELF.

I have felt with all sorts and conditions of menin fancy, of course. I have known the aching limbs of labor; and have seen the leaden-gray prospect, dull and hopeless, that stretches out before the man doomed to the tread-mill of toil.

I have felt with the murderer; hounded by the law; with his animal fear, ferocity and despair; an Ishmaelite with his hand against every man and every man's hand against him; with his conscience making hell in his heart; with his dreams a nightmare, haunted by the white face of his victim.

I have felt with the mother when her heart thrills with the earliest cry of her first born; with the little hands and lips tugging at her breast; with a home of happiness and comfort, surrounded by love and content.

I have felt with the strong man who goes into the battle of life, resolute, ambitious, determined to succeed; pausing at no obstacles and deterred by no failures; with the picture of the wife and little ones in his heart as a constant incentive to go onward

I have felt with the soldier on the field of carnage; the first, deadly fear before the fight begins; the thought of home, mother and sweetheart; the murmured prayer; the mad charge, where all other feelings are swallowed up in the indescribable enthusiasm of war; the sayse instinct to kill; the sting of the bullet; the numbers,

that grown, while the world, the battle, and all things seem to recode, grow onwell and finally fade into a black.

I have felt with the materialist who revels in the pride of intellectuality; who accepts nothing but the evidence of the senses; who brings all things to the hard test of reason; to whom death appears a black abyas of nothingness; to whom God and Heaven seem a myth.

I have felt with the commonplace man, with his little creeds, his trite maxims, his secondhand thoughts, his perfunctory religion, his hard bargains with his neighbors, his heart entouched by sympathy, his brain burren of ideality, his soul narrow, cramped and confined.

I have felt with the religious devotee, who renounces all the world to follow in the steps of the Master, who seeks to do good for good's sake, whose face and life and soul are sweet and wholesome, who knows nothing of theology, doctrine, or dogma, but whose being is irradiated by the eternal love.

I have felt with the poet, the prophet and the mystic, whose feet are on earth, but who hear the distant voices and music of another world; who catch glimpses of realms of supernal beauty; who have inklings of truths that they can hardly tell; to whom the sufferings of humanity appeal with powerful force; who feel with their brothers in all conditions of life; before whose inner vision the future of the world seems as an

open scroll; who show new truth and construct new ideals for the human mind.

And I said in my heart, not alone in some life to be, but here in this earth-life, do we see heaven and hell; for they exist in the lives and hearts of the people 'round about us.

Nor yet afar must we seek for the divine; for it is

in the soul of humanity.

The way of life is not a distant road, but lies through the losing of self and through entering the consciousness and the thought of those we meet.

Written in the lives of our fellow creatures is the revelation of God. The earth at our feet is glorious with the footprints of the Spirit. In the simple things very near to us is to be found the divine work.

All days are holy, all places are sacred, all good deeds form the words of the universal gospel, and here,

even here, is the kingdom.

My brother is my other self; he is likewise a temple of God; and in identifying myself with him do I live the larger life and enter the heavenly vineyard.



The young heart with the old head is a combination that makes for eternal youth.



Children are blossoms on the stem of Love. Sem souls contrive never to lose their bloom.

IN THE GARDENS OF GOD.

3.

In the stillness of evening's hour,
As the cares of day depart,

Like the dew stealing over the flower,

A longing steals over the heart-

A something divise,

A glory we've lost, or a beauty to gain,

A dream of a height we have yet to attain,

A heaven that waits

In some bright land afar,

Through scintillant gates

That are standing ajar,

A green shore awash by a sun-molten sea,

A merging in God in some zon to be-

Tis a vision like this,

A thirst after bliss,

That steals o'er the heart in the evening hour, As the dew steals over the flower.

H

What unto the weary spirit brings
This yearning for other things,
This yearning for regions unseen, unknown?
Do seraphim, fresh from the heavenly throne,
For the love they bear,

Assemble 'round,

With bodies too rare
For sight or sound,
And in spirit language a tale unfold
Of beauties unpictured and joys untold,
That the soul can never resist?
Is a subtle mist shaken from off their wings,

As from night-wings the dewy mist, That unto the weary spirit brings This yearning for higher and better things?

Ш

The thoughts drift away from the things of earth And a vision divine has birth. The power that draws them to look above is the magnet of love. There are those we have lost in the years agone And we follow them on To a sweeter dawn—
We follow them on, till we see them stand.

Their faces bright
With a radiant light
That shines o'er the Spirit Land.
Our thoughts drift away from the things of earth
And a wonderment deep has birth.

IV.

Where is the Spirit Land? Is it in some realm afar Beyond the bounds of the farthest star? Does Beauty dwell there
With a smile so rare
That it spreads about her a perfect day,
Of which earth gains but a glimmering ray,
Shining across some mystical strand
That leads to this wonderful Spirit Land?

V.

Some Elysian clime to a land sublime Out of the bounds of space and time; Some far away realms Where the day overwhelms In a glorious flood the shadows of night; Where Thought ever dwells in a rich delight; Where the spirit floats free On an airy sea Of bliss born from beauty and harmony, Whose billows of splendor lap over the soul And over the face of Eternity roll, In this mystical home In the world to come, Where enraptured, immortal spirits roam, In this land sublime. This Elysian clime Out of the bounds of space and time?

VI

[&]quot;Would'st know?" a whisper says, "then come.

Over the starry fields we'll roam.

Come with me, come with me,

Past the isles of the starry sea,

Where little worlds circle and great worlds flee,

Come with me.

Past the suns that gleam afar,

Past the boundary of the star,

Over Infinity's golden bar,

Out of time, out of place, Into Eternity, out of space, Into Existence' other phase,

Come with me.

Build there your temple o'er all supreme.

Believe; and your faith fulfills your dream.

Into that state that lies in wait

Faith alone is the entering gate."

A whisper says to my spirit, "Come.

Over the starry fields we'll roam."

VII

The earth, with its burden of life, whirls free
In an irregular race.
The myriad orbs of Immensity.
That sprinkle Eternity's face,
Wheel on, wheel on, through the vasty see,
Through the bottomless deeps of spaceYounger worlds, worlds new-born.

Entering but life's morn,
Worlds that maturer beauties adorn,
Worlds of their beauty shorn,
Worlds grown old and feeble and gray,
Ready to sink from very decay
Back to the source,
The fountain of force,
That started them forth in their circling course,
God's lands stretch ever on,

O'er them His banners of light unfurled, On past the splender of sun,

On past the wonder of world;

Now on and away

Through the halls of day,

Through rolling seas of radiance bright, Through chaotic darkness as well as light, Through the halls of day and of night;

Where circling in clustered array, Wheeling in dizzy flight,

Dotting the face Of boundless space, Moving forever in endless race, Roll, majestic and broad and free, The myriad orbs of Infinity.

VIII

Till, over a golden bar. The boundary of the star, Lieth a realm afar, Riseth an isle sublime,
In an Elysian clime,
Out of space, out of time;
Over a mystical strand,
Lieth a beautiful land,
Dwelleth a seraph band;
Reigneth Eternity's King
Upon the Infinite shore,

With seraphs that sweetly sing

His praises forevermore.

These starry worlds that glow
Like far-off lights in this,

These are the gardens of souls
That, 'neath the splendor which rolls
Down from the sun-like eye
Of Divinity,

Their flowers may blow And their fruits may grow,

To be gathered at length in this kingdom of His. Into the radiant land afar Beyond the boundary of the star.

IX.

For these myriad worlds are rife With Life— With beings glad in the ecstasy. The sweet and immortal mystery. Of that new-old miracle, To Be-



"Yes," a voice from the Silence saith,
"Glad through the life that seems death";
For, as wind from the Northland blowing
Under a wintry sky

Breathes on the Southland glowing And blights, as it passes by.

Till the rivers are stilled in their flowing And the roses shudder and die;

And, as winds of the South in the earliest Spring Fly North with a breath of the Sun and bring The beauty and gladness of new life again,

That breathe o'er the treetop and breathe o'er the plain And breathe a life into the pattering rain,

That coax forth the grass and the blossoms, and break The sleep of the Earth, till he starts, broad awake—

So, on all these beings, Mutation's breath Blows, and they crumble away into death;

Blows, and they fall as the delicate forms

Too tender to bear gainst the wintry storms;

But a whisper says that in vanishing

They've but gone to a realm where are playing Zephyrs and breezes bland,

And the softest of winds are straying. Out of a sun-kissed land.

To arise in the sweeter awakening Of a gladder and a more beautiful Spring.

"Yes," whispers say,

"O'er the Meadows of May,

The Gardens of God in fields Elysian, That sometimes appear unto us in vision, Where all things ever Are sweet and new, Where Time is a river That's fed with dew. And Life seems just begun, There souls, like roses, are growing, Like lilies and bluebells, are blowing, Like daisies, are springing, Like glad birds, are singing, Warmed by a heavenly Sun. For they all have left this Winter of strife, To bloom, eternal In realms supernal, In the beautiful Summer of Life."

Some voice in my inmost ear
Is whispering low and sweet,
"The kingdom of heaven is here,
Even here at your very feet.
The country in which the immortals are,
While stretching away beyond sun and star,
Is not in a distant sphere;
Though as far as the poles of being are far,
"Tis as near as the soul is near."

XL

Over a mystical strand. Out of space; our of time, Light a beautiful land, Lierb a himidom sublime: And fixeding this realit that is near and far, Rays of Truth we but faintly see First past the shores of Eternity, Flush on our little night below, With allver twinkle and golden glow, Each new and radiant star; And roices of Truth we but faintly hear, Sweet as the music of rolling sphere, Fall in celestial harmony, Soul their shalt live unccuringly"-Flowing, flowing, a beautiful chime-O, my smrst, Dost thou bear it Echoing over a golden strand from an Elysian clime?

XIL

And mingling with this voice afar
Comes another that whispers clear—
The effects and causes of what we are
Flowing around an eternal sphere.
Nature says through her wonderful plan,
"Man is immortal, a god is man."
The stars speak to us and field and wood,

A spirit that dwells in solitude, And all that is noble and great and good,

Together we upward strive. Out of the silence there comes a voice, Which says to my soul, "Rejoice, rejoice, And know that to be Is enough, when you see There is nothing but immortality.

Then thanks to the One-Life give" And out of my heart a little bird springs And hearkens and listens and sings and sings. The voices of Being in rapture swell

And merging, float luto one full note,

That says, "Rest peacefully, soul, 'tis well." The glad winds bring it. The sweet birds sing it, "Soul, thou wilt live, wilt live." Softly shines a mystic star,

On my spirit 'tis breaking clear; And past Eternity's shore afar Beacons from heaven's inmost sphere.

XIII

Out of the creeds and systems of men I wo thoughts have ever risen supreme The eternal God of the Universe And the ever-developing God-in-Man;

And whenever these thoughts were shattered, again Sprang they to hie, a perennial dream-Sprang as the flowers into gentle birth. Which the sun and the wind and the rain storms nurse, Sprang as the forms from the warm-hearted earth. Sprang, beath the vivifying beam, That struggles from out the heautiful plan-Running through better and running through worse To the boundless walls of the Universe-Giving life to the germ in the heart of man.

XIV.

Our souls are developing upward out of the night, Forever upward, upward, into the light: And creeds grow old and systems wane, But these germinal truths forever remain-The ever-living God on high And the struggling God in Humanity. In the mass of men they sleep, but a word, A touch, or a love will bring them to life; And the spirit once by their passion stirred Is evermore with their glory rife. And thus through the years, like a golden gleam, Shines unto mankind the Immortal Dream, To grow more bright, forever more bright, As the souls of men struggle out of the night, To see Truth's radiant, growing light.

XV.

There is an Eternity beyond,

Soul of Man;

For this is the dream divine that has dawned,

A part of the Cosmical Plan, That unfolds at last on our little ken. It grows from the natures and hearts of men. It grows from the seed there sown of God. Man spurns beneath his feet the clod And feels as if allied by birth To something beyond his bonds of earth, He hears a voice that comes from far, And sometimes o'er the fleshy bar That separates the things that are

From those that seem, He sees the shining of a star.

To light his dream. He looks upon a brighter fate, A fairer state that lies in wait Somewhere beyond the Future's gate. And there are times when his soul ascends

To a clearer air on the mental heights, And when, though dimly, he apprehends

There is a spirit that all unites; That under all being there is a soul; That life is a garment seamless and whole;

that all things are immortal; That spirits throughout all Existence range. Through lives that are new and forms that are strange;
That earth is a roccu and birth is a portal
In the Infinite Mansions of Change.
For this is the dream divine that has dawned:

Man, as a part
Of the unified Whole,
A throb in the heart
Of the Cosmical Soul,
In the All-Life, shall life beyond.
(To be concluded.)



A FORWARD STEP.

Beginning with this number the publishing office of THE EASENE will be in New York. Here is the literary and thought center of this country; and in the course of a generation here will be the literary and thought center of the world. The editors of this little magazine believe that it stands for something vital and essential. For that reason they propose to put it at the center where it belongs.

The Denver office will remain open and the business heretofore carried on there will be continued. The change in no way affects that. It simply enlarges the

field of the magazine.

Mrs. Brown will be in charge of the Denver office, as heretofore, and will continue her lessons and other articles just as she has done.

For the present the New York office is at 45-47 Park

Mr. Edgerton is active editor and will select the management. The School of the Christ-Life and the other work started by him in Denver will be carried on a New York. Both through the school and the magatime he hopes to give the pure spiritual message, unconnected with any sism or sology, without any especial reference to its benefit to either the body or pocketbook, but as a voice of Truth for its own sake. He canceives that the time has come when a publication can exist on a high literary and spiritual plane. On such plane Time a high literary and spiritual plane. On such plane Time a high literary and spiritual plane. On such plane Time first if it stands for the things of the Spirit, the ways that if it stands for the things of the Spirit, the ways for its existence will be provided. In that faith he goes forward.

All the religious movements of this day, whether new or old, lack five, soul, heart, the pure love-principle, which is the vital, constructive and energizing force of all things. For this principle The Essene will attempt to stand

Most of the thought on these lines is vague, loosely stated and is frequently connected with a mass of ally definite digested and irrelevant matter. Clearness and definite

ness will be the aim of THE ESSENE. In a word, spiritual science is the mother of all science. It should be so treated.



PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

The January number of THE ESSENE is a little late on account of the change. Hereafter the magazine will be out by the 25th of the month previous to its date.

Subscribtions can be sent either to the New York or Denver address. Direct your letters to THE ESSENE, 59 Park place, New York City, or Box 445, Denver, Colo.

This magazine cannot pay for contributions. But anything in its line, that is well-written, brief and to the point, will be considered.

Hereafter the magazine will be sent only to those whose subscriptions are paid in advance.

THE ESSENE is a year and a half old. It has grown steadily from the start. It is our intention to enlarge and improve it as rapidly as its support will enable us to do so. We believe in a slow and healthy growth.

We ask everyone who is interested in the pure spiritual message to subscribe and to secure other subscriptions. Terms to agents will be furnished on application.

IN THE GARDENS OF GOD

By JAMES ARTHUR EDGERTON



THE poem appearing in this number of Two Economics will be issued to pamphlet form, tastily printed and bound, and will be mailed to all those paying their subscriptions to January 1, 1905, whether new or old subscribers, if requested, and if those asking for it have not taken advantage of some of the other combination offers.

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